THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 77.

Qui fit **** ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objicerit, illa
Contentus vivat; laudet diversa frequentes?

Mr. Wanderer,

THE following story is said to be inscribed in a Mosque in the city of Bagdat. The credulous suppose the circumstances actually happened, while the wiser part believe it to be an allegory for their reproof and instruction. It is forwarded to you with a wish that it may be amusing to some of your readers. D.

THE STORY OF HAFIZ.

The peasant Hafiz dwelt on the mountains of Giorno. The labor of industry supplied him with food, health gave him cheerfulness, and innocence spread the palet for repose; he had no wish beyond the boundary of his mountain, and hardly knew but it was the limits of the world. An occasion however called Hafiz to the city and displayed to him all the wonder and wealth of the capital. He found some in the dignity of power, whose wishes were anticipated by their slaves, and who had only to command and be instantly obeyed. He found others rioting in the luxury of wealth, and partaking of whatever delicacy or delight their wildest imagination could desire. Some he found rich in every mental acquirement and gazed at by their fellows with admiration and respect; and some labouring in extensive enterprise, which was equally to procure for them fortune and honour. Hafiz returned to his cottage, but he left his peace in the city. Why, said he, should I be toiling through the day for a bare sustenance on the earth, while others without any labour are enjoying its delights? Why am I condemned to the obscurity of solitude while others not more active are enjoying the praise of the populace and the honours of the state? Why are my exertions to be confined within the narrow limits of my walk on the mountain, while the same industry would extend my name to distant countries and procure an independence permanent and honourable. Absorbed in these contemplations Hafiz neglected the caresses of affection which saluted his arrival; the frugal table that was spread for him had no charms, and in an humour dissatisfied and uneasy he retired to his repose. But sleep refused its accustomed visit, and the first effect of his acquaintance with envy was watchfulness and distress.

In this state of mind Hafiz passed several weeks; he no longer found pleasure in the smile of domestic attachment, nor regarded

with delight the prattling infant that had just learnt to lisp out his name.

One day he sat watching the flocks on a declivity of the mountain and musing on the contrast between himself and those who had raised his discontent; absorbed in contemplation he did not observe the rapidity of time, and it was night ere he thought of returning. Aroused however by this neglect of his duty he was preparing to depart, when a figure of commanding attitude arrested him in his progress. He seemed to move in a path of his own light without extending it to any distance round the atmosphere. Hafiz started at the sight and found himself incapable of farther motion. Know me, said the figure, as Aladdin, the genius of thy life. I have watched over thee from the first dawn of existence, and it is now permitted me to show thee the error of thy thoughts, to reprove thy discontent, and to punish thy folly. Hafiz felt himself controlled by a superior power and yielded to his authority. Immediately the darkness rolled away from before them, and they appeared to view the very city that created in the mind of Hafiz all his distress.

See'st thou said Aladdin, who it is that tumbles on that bed of down? I know him, replied Hafiz, for the caliph Benhadad. But mark, said the genius, the caution which surrounds him, every door is bolted, and guards watch at the portal. He has heard this day of a conspiracy, but cannot detect the agents; restlessness sits upon his brow, and sleep flies from his pillow; his power cannot control the poignard of the assassin, nor can his authority give ease to his mind. He is elevated to power and is therefore exposed to the shafts of his enemies, the jealousy of an opposing faction embitters every moment of his life; he trembles at its progress and dies daily in anticipation of the time, when it shall disrobe him of authority, and perhaps deprive him of life.

But, said Hafiz, though power is exposed to danger, what harm can result from the possession of wealth? Look *there*, said Aladdin—Thou sawest the splendid equipage that drove through the city—the servants who followed in obeisance—the respect that it commanded and the envy that it raised—Behold there its miserable owner—He like thyself once enjoyed competency and contentment—but fate directed towards him the current of wealth and he partook largely of the stream—But what was wealth without parade? The regular hours and sobriety of temperance were thrown down; the appetite was pampered with every variety of food. His board displayed every viand that could charm and every wine that could delight. Their inebriating power was destroyed in baths whose aromatic perfume delighted the senses and prepared the giddy possessor for more enervating luxuries. These were objects of pleasure beyond the command of mere wealth; health was thrown into the purchase, and you behold the rich man with all the infirmities of age lingering out the threads of a short and most miserable existence.

In his neighbor you may see the anxiety of enterprise; while the quiet minds of the city are enjoying repose the man of business is engaged on plans of future greatness, or endeavouring to do away the misfortunes of a disappointment in some object of the first expectation.

There again you may see the short lived nature of popular favour. The candidate for honours whom you envied for the great talents which controlled the multitude has been supplanted by an intriguing

competitor who has outrivalled him by artifice; and he who but a few weeks since was received with universal plaudits passes quietly along the street, happy if he can escape the derision of the multitude.

But it would not have been thus with me, said the unquiet Hafiz, who assumed courage from the manner of Aladdin—Had I been possessed of *power* it should have been exercised with judgment and tempered with mercy. Wealth in my hands should have procured blessings for others, and the poor should have shouted at my name—

Ignorant man (interrupted Aladdin) thou art unacquainted with the infirmity of thy nature. Every disposition is assailed by its own peculiar temptations, and that which is most congenial to it is sure to be successful. The elevation to power or to wealth would have exposed you more easily to the dangers which surround it on every side; for the perplexities that are occasioned by it are made to arise as some kind of balance to the pleasures of the place.—But how unreasonable are thy complaints! see there that band of unfortunate beings who have no home for protection, and no ability for labour, to whom idleness and poverty have grown familiar and inseparable, who have no solace in the sentiments of friendship and no acquaintance with the feelings of the heart. They live a wandering and dissolute life, unknowing when they rise, what they shall eat, or where they shall sleep again;—borne down and distressed with pain and sickness; loathing existence and obliged to bear its burthen, in society they are a reproach and disgrace—beyond it they have no thought, and for want of capacity can have no delight in reflection. What art thou then that thou shouldst expect a better situation? Wherefore is it that thou assumest the right to complain or pretendest to be angry with thy lot? The temper which has made thee discontented under thy present circumstances has proved thee unworthy of a better condition. Behold therefore the punishment that awaits thee—While Hafiz paused at the thoughts which these words of the Genius occasioned, he had disappeared from the sight; but immediately Hafiz perceived that his cottage was in flames, and a band of the enemy who ravaged the frontier seized on the defenceless and complaining Hafiz and bound him for life as a slave in their galleys.

FINE ARTS.

THE following examination of the question "*What are the ultimate prospects of the Arts in England?*" will reward the attention it requires. The writer who, "*if it be a sin to covert honour, is the most offending soul alive*," has conducted his enquiry with much ability and information, and has given us the result of his labors in an easy and elegant style. It is taken from the Monthly Magazine, published in March. A work that generally gives us the most important literary information and claims the first rank in the periodical publications of the age.

IT is proposed to consider, the probable efforts of encouragement given to the cultivation of the arts, and of excitement produced in their progress, by the means of honours, and through the channels of distinctive rank.

The experience of the naturalist demonstrates, that nothing more powerfully contributes to bring a tender and sensitive plant to maturity, and finally to perfection, than the nourishment of it by a constant renewal of materials agree-

able to its original growth, or nature. In a similar manner, reason will show us, that, in the intellectual, as in the physical garden, the blossoms of the tree will ever be most beautiful, when the nutrition it receives from the care of superintendance, is congenial with its essential qualities.

Honour, if it may not be considered as an innate object of desire in the breast of men of talents, is at least the sensible image of that impression on the infant mind, inscrutable in its origin, but indelible in its effects, which alone appears to command the energies and direct the superior exertions of genius. The painter and the poet, indeed, often turn aside from the guilding brightness of their guarding star, to seek support, or ease under ignobler influence ; but it will be found that they never do so without a consciousness that they degrade, or, as it were, desert their native faculties, nor without, at the same time, deviating from the paths which lead to excellence and immortality.

On the other hand necessity may sometimes chain down the reluctant spirit, and the sense of honor may remain firm and vivid, although its call can no longer be obeyed ; but, on the supposition of the freedom of choice and action being on an average footing with the moderate conditions of life, it is unquestionable that the wish the contest for honourable distinctions, may be regarded as the invariable test of such talents as are designed by providence to illumine and instruct mankind.

It is not meant, by honorable distinctions, to imply the acquisition or poss-ession of merely ostentatious, or inappropriate titles, but the acquisition of such marked acknowledgment of eminent powers, as may every where secure the claims of the possessor to deference and respect. Titles and rank bear no essential relation to intrinsic merit, yet are they still the agreed symbols, or, in a manner, the current and legal coin of public esteem. The coin, it is allowed, is often debased, and often counterfeit ; but these are circumstances which produce no alteration in the value of its original standard.

If distinctions, then, imply the acknowledgment of superior merit, if they reflect back to the mind the sensation of honour, they must be found to form one of the most congenial modes of eliciting the native powers of genius.

But they may likewise be considered as necessary to the most salutary exertions of genius. It is desirable, not only to cultivate the genius of our land, but to give to its cultivation a philanthrophic tendency, to make it beneficial as well as powerful, and that while it acquires the force requisite to win admiration, it should also adopt the modes most calculated to obtain our affection. These modes it will the most readily assume, while it looks forward to a return of favourable attention from the minds of those, to whom it directs its influence. Merit, compelled to watch and cherish in solitude the germs of internal talent, and unable finally to rescue its claims from obscurity, will not, indeed, lose its powers, nor forfeit its essential title to superiority, but it is in danger of eventually assuming an air more savage than benevolent, of dictating rather than persuading, of deterring instead of inviting : if urged to contest by opposition, it too frequently deserts the path of instruction, to obey the impulses of irritated feelings, derides or stigmatizes what nature would have prompted it to admire, and endeavours to subvert what it is not allowed to polish.

Every laudable purpose of society, with regard to the arts, is therefore accomplished by annexing honours to the successful exertion of talents. Nor is this doctrine new in respect to the general instruction of all civilized nations, for the progress of intellectual studies. It is, fortunately for learning, new only in respect to the cultivation of the arts of painting and sculpture ; and, unfortunately for us, it is, in this respect, newer in England than in any other country in Europe. An Academy of the Arts established by royal favour has, indeed, elevated a certain number from the common mass, and the industry of its members has secured them from the desolating prospect of mendicity, but there is no great honour in attaining what it is a disgrace not to avoid ; the seat which mediocrity may reach cannot be a ground of distinction ; for other distinctions are necessary towards the exaltation of the arts.

Let us now enquire what other rewards of honour are open to those arts in England. The only one which our

state acknowledges, is the title of King's Painter, annexed to an office to which the painter is generally advanced, not by public competition, but by private favour, and so little regarded as an object of fame, that the artist, if he do not disdain, at least overlooks the employment; for he hires inferior painters at a cheap rate, to paint the pictures required of him, and to enable him to take what he regards as the only respectable fruits of his office, into his pocket. This office was, some years since, ludicrously conferred on the late Sir Joshua Reynolds: I say ludicrously, for who but must smile on reflecting that an artist, to whom the sovereign always declined to sit for his portrait, was chosen to convey the resemblance of that very monarch to foreign nations, and to their latest posterity? Yet, ridiculous as this circumstance may appear, it was, alas! the only instance of royal favour which graced the professional efforts of that most accomplished painter, either before or after he became, from secondary views, the titled President of the Academy.—He, to whose hand nature gave her own truth, and from whose pencil she borrowed grace, he, by whom Alexander would have chosen, in the polished age of Greece, to transmit his image to future ages, absolved his long career of public admiration, wholly unemployed by the sovereign whose reign and country he adorned.

This extraordinary, nay, almost incredible circumstance, leads to the fuller elucidation of the nature of those national distinctions which may be considered as provocative of talent. Reynolds, with us, was a Knight, and King's Painter; but these honours were so far from serving as a ground of future emulation in his art, that they have merely left a riddle, scarce to be solved by posterity, wherefore no picture of an artist so signalized, is to be found in any of the various palaces of his sovereign. It is evident, therefore, that the case of Reynolds, notwithstanding nominal honours, cannot be quoted as an instance of due distinction conferred on merit; on the contrary, it may be safely asserted, that at least half of the opportunity offered by the life of so illustrious an artist, to raise the character and general estimation of English art, was lost to our country for want of proper excitements, whereby his talents might have been fully called into exertion.

This instance is sufficient to explain the views of our enquiry, regarding the influence of honours and rank on the arts. Such honours as empty titles can bestow, by no means appear to constitute the species of distinction, which may be supposed at once to reward and stimulate genius. Before the arts can be expected to reach their ultimate degree of elevation in a philosophical land, a more solid and permanent basis must support the honours to be allotted to them, and they must find their establishment on fair and public ground, where their claims may be duly investigated and as duly rewarded. If they be truly denominated liberal arts, it is among the national classes of liberal study that they must take their station. It is here that they must be taught to seek for distinction, not from the favor of a partial admirer, or a courtly patron, but from the more exalted suffrages of learning and patriotism.

It may be the more requisite to insist of this point, on account of some unjust prejudices under which the arts of design evidently labour in this country. The degree of rank or estimation, in which we hold those studies, is at variance with the terms in which we speak of them. We call them liberal arts; but how can that be construed liberal which is unconnected with established liberal education and in which no person in the liberal classes of life would professionally engage? The father who would bring his son up to the practice of physic, or the law, will hesitate to make him a painter or a sculptor.

Our present system of opinions therefore, allows painters to be gentlemen, but will not allow gentlemen to be painters. Men of liberal rank, in their intercourse with artists, rather consider them as entitled to their condescension, than as admitted to their presence on a footing of equality. Indeed, so little has the profession of a painter been hitherto made the subject of attention, by the reflecting classes of society, that the mental part of it, and the mechanical, are still spoken of under the same denomination; and a painter is equally a term expressive of the man who fills the mind with the awful exhibitions of the Sistine Chapel, and of him who covers the wainscot or the walls of our

houses, to secure them from the injuries of smoke and rain.

There is, no doubt, a reason of a more substantial nature to be given, wherefore, an English gentleman should not consider painting as an eligible employment for his son, viz. the impossibility of acquiring wealth by the pursuit of it; and this, is a fault inherent in its nature. With regard merely to honour, many situations in life are preferred for our children, which yet we can hardly esteem more creditable to the holders. It certainly is no where thought more honourable, for instance to *brew* than to *paint*, to fabricate that which eclipses the intellect than that which enlightens it; but brewing is productive of immense opulence, painting of none.

To state the whole result of the question: in congenial cultivation, watchful encouragement, and just, public distinctions, will be found the true supports of genius. Such is the real channel of honour, in which the graphic artist, under the philosophic guidance of English patriotism, may hope to rival

"*What e'er of Latin or of Grecian fame*
Sounds in the ear of Time;"

and such are the desirable means of perfecting the ultimate prospects of the Arts in England.

For the Emerald.

MESS'RS. EDITORS,

If the following sketches written as different circumstances suggested them to my mind be suitable for the Emerald, it would gratify me to see them in your interesting collection.

VARIETY.

VARIETY gives a zest to amusement. The same scenes, the same pleasures, or the same food however delightful at first, lose all their charms by repetition. In the complex scenery of nature all is variety. Its regularity is produced by an oppositon of contrarient parts. The species of its productions are similar, but the individuals no where alike. Look round thee, Oh man; trace the infinitely diversified modifications of nature. Must not that mind be omniscient which conceived so grand a design—Must not that arm be omnipotent, which thus easily executed its purpose?

....

ADVICE.

Advice from the lips of experience, however great our veneration ought to be for the speaker, sometimes fails of making proper impression upon a young mind. We are apt to suspect that age has chilled all sensibility to pleasure, and that maxims of prudence are the effects of apathy and indifference.—That when amusements have lost their attraction and pleasure can no longer charm, age commences its monitory caution and would reduce the ardor of youthful feelings to the coldness of the isicles, which time has collected round its own bosom.

....

THE BIBLE.

The Bible, whether we consult it as the earliest and most correct history now extant; whether we consider the awful sublimity of its sentiments, the picturesque beauty of its images, the boldness and brilliancy of its metaphors, the unaffected symplicity of its style, the noble range of its beautiful poetry, the cogency and force of many parts of its reasoning; but above all the pure system of morality it inculcates, ought to be read and attentively studied. The man who objects to its principles can claim as little credit for his morality as he can for his taste, who cavils at the manner in which these principles are conveyed. If religion be false the Bible is nevertheless valuable; if revelation be a fable the Bible should be deservedly dear.

A WISH.

Soft be every wind that fans the bosom of Almyra—Sweet be every flower, whose fragrance meets her in her walks. May no rude care disturb the serenity of her mind, nor the widest scope for reflection ever give cause for a tear.

May thy path in life be such as poetry has feigned for its favorites, where Love presides with Virtue, and Beauty rests with Wisdom.—May the dew of heaven's favor like the choice ointment of Aaron descend in blessings on thy head till possession anticipates every wish that reason can create.

May thy sleep be sweet, Oh Innocence! may thy dreams be pleasant, oh my beloved.—When the sky shall darken, when the clouds gather, may thy fear be conducted on the electrical points of religion, and the "Genius of the storm" be some sister angel, who shall gently guard thee to the eternal world. Such for Almyra are the affectionate wishes of

GLENALVON.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

It is the pleasing apologue of *Trajano Boccalini* that to a famous critic who presented all the faults of a celebrated poet to Apollo. Apollo gave a sack of undressed wheat—desired the critic to separate the chaff from the wheat—and when the good man had with solemn and impatient industry done so, bestowed on him the chaff for his pains.

Nearly similar I much suspect is the fate of those who have peculiar quicksightedness to discern the minute and evanescent miseries of human existence—He who can with microscopic eye discover freckles, roughness, wrinkles and squalid colours on a face that is to me bewitchingly beautiful, has only the misfortune to be frightened by ugliness where I am ravished with charms. He that is so nice a connoisseur in good eating as to find that of twenty dishes of any one of which I eat with appetite there is none so dressed as to be fit to be tasted by an epicure of his nice skill, has by this only the misluck to make a bad dinner while I at the same table enjoy a very good one.

THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

Whenever public opinion adopts any sentiment it always holds it with avidity, and it is most of all zealous in concerns that are rather connected with pleasure than interest. A player makes as much noise as a statesman, and the mimic leader of mock battles is of equal rank (in the daily papers at least) with the chief of the national army. This was manifestly the case with master Betty, the wonder of whose performance at first crouded every avenue to the theatre and engaged the attention of every admirer of the drama. He appears now to have descended to the level of *a good actor*, and to possess no more celebrity than good talents in any profession ought to command.—The following article respecting him in a dramatic review for February, may perhaps be perused with pleasure by some of our readers.

"On Monday the 9th of Feb. Master Betty's engagement at Shrewsbury Theatre closed, with the *Earl of Essex*, and *The Wags of Windsor*, for his benefit. The house literally overflowed; and probably it was never graced with the attendance of so many of the first families of the

town and country, as on that and the eight preceding nights of his performance. From the exhibition of much grace of action, and feeling in the play, he descended to display, with fidelity, the untaught Irish haymaker in the afterpiece.

At the close of the performance, he addressed the audience in the following lines:

Ye honour'd friends, whose praise has cheer'd my breast
When in the robes of mimic grandeur dressed,
Now undisguis'd behold your townsman stands,
To ask a kind redemption at your hands;
Anxious to tell, tho' poor in words and weak,
What the heart feels: but not the tongue can speak;
Anxious to all to pay the tribute due,
But most of all, Salopian Fair to you—
To you, ye bright approvers of this cause,
For beauty's smile surpasses all applause,
And this believe——howe'er the actor goes [woes;
Thro' various scenes of countefeited
Tho' now midst Scotia's hills a youth obscure;
Now in the courts of princely Elsineur;
Tho' now, Sicillia's youthful Lord, he roves,
In love-cross'd anguish, thro' Palermo's groves;
Or if on Quito's blood-stain'd field you view
The gen'rous chief expiring of Peru!
Whate'er the place—whate'e the mimic's part—
Still he's a true Salopian in his heart:
And thus he prays—May every blessing crown
His kind supporters in his native town.

AN EAST WIND.

Few of our readers are in the habit of considering the prevalence of an east wind as among the "comforts of life." If they can be persuaded of the truth of the following positions they may set it down for the future as among the very best of luxuries.

An East wind however it may shake your nerves is not so ill a wind as to blow nobody good. It rouses the frame, which at first shivers under it, to a consciousness of lively sensibility. It awakens torpor to vivacity. It furnishes a man with a portable thermometer which he can no more lose than drop his own bones out of his body. It improves the charms of a flannel waistcoat, a Welch wig, a warm great coat, and a snug place in the chimney corner. It gives by deep felt contrast more genial freshness and softness and balmy fragrance to the breezes from the west. It presents by its influence on the over sensitive and testy appearances so ridiculously impatient and deplorable that it is impossible for even sympathetic tenderness not to be roused by them to merriment. It teaches us to take care of our health by convincing us how easily that may be shaken. It heightens the eagerness of our expectation for the genuine summer of June, and renders the delights of that month doubly dear to us when they arrive. Above all it furnishes matter of condolence, carping and complaint to multitudes of persons who cannot live without them, and whom spring might otherwise deprive of subjects over which to mourn.

The lines in the Calvary of Cumberland, put into the mouth of Satan are wonderfully expressive of his character.

Where art thou Death? Why hide thyself from him
Of whom thou art? Come forth thou grisly King
And tho' to suitor of immortal mould
Thy refuge be denied, yet at my call,
Thy fathers' call come forth and comfort me [glimpse
Thou gaunt anatomy with one short
Of those dry bones in which alone is peace [sigh
And that oblivious sleep for which I

Again
Will not some pitying earthquake gulph me down
To where the everlasting fountains sleep, [slake
That in those watry caverns I might
These fires, that shrivel my parch'd senews up.
Oh for pity
Grant me a moment's interval of ease
Avenging angry Deity. Draw back
Thy red right hand, that with the light'-ning arm'd [blood
Thrust to my heart makes all my boiling
Hiss in my veins.

The King shortly after his accession to the throne, walking one morning into his library, found one of the librarians asleep in a chair. With that good tempered condescension & familiarity that so much distinguish him, he stepped up softly to him, and gave him a slight slap on the cheek; the sleeper clapt his hand on the place instantly, and with his eyes still closed, taking the disturber of his nap for his fellow librarian, whose name was George, exclaimed, "Damn it George, let me alone, you are always doing one foolish trick or another."

THE LONDON SHOEMAKER.

SEE you that elegant chariot which, in rapid flight, skims like a swallow, the surface of the street? Who do you think thus drives along in this dashing style and equipage? It is a celebrated Shoemaker, an all-accomplished son of Crispin, a man of fashion and elegance, a paragon of taste—who makes ladies' shoes, of a colouring, quality, brilliancy, eloquence, and poetry, beyond all competition or description. He never speaks but in numbers—he breathes his amorous song, takes his measures as zephyrs gather roses; the Anacreon of his trade, the Tibullus of the buskin, the Ovid of the last. This arbiter of genial taste and ornament, barely expends 1500l. a-year. Is it not then an irresistible proof of the excellent order of things, when the scale of conditions is so well maintained, that a Shoemaker can drive, full speed in his carriage, through the western streets and squares of the metropolis, to receive the ladies' orders for shoes and sandals, from 20s. to 30s. a pair? Our Shoemaker is a man unrivalled for his presence of mind, and no man more eminently possesses the art of reminding a well formed woman of her own importance.

A lady of the first rank and quality, saw in the house of a devotee to fashion, some elegant shoes of various colours, shapes, and decorations, and of a physiognomy interesting beyond description. "Oh Lud!" she exclaimed to her friend, "I am delighted with your exquisite taste in the article of shoes—I am in an extacy at the sight--What a beautiful pair of shoes are those fawn-coloured kid, laced on the instep with silvered leather, elastic soles and heels---and how delightfully handsome those glossy white satin slippers and silver spangles."—The inimitable Shoemaker is sent for, and attends—He is honoured with an introduction—assumes the man of fashion, and excels the courtier in politeness. "Your ladyship has the most elegant foot and ancle in the universe, and it will be my pride to embellish the triumphant excellencies of your majestic step." The shoes are ordered for the same evening. In two hours they are brought home, and introduced as the most elegant pink satin gala shoes, with gold rosettes, whose appearance in the ball-room will ravish the senses. The price only 24 shillings. They arrived at six o'clock, were admired till eight, put on at nine, worn until bed-time, and laid aside in the morning by the maid. Enchanted with her purchase the lady is anxious again to appear in them. She calls for her maid, and is told the shoes are useless, having been worn out when they were taken off.—"Amazement! distraction? shocking!—Run to his house, and let me hear the loss is not irreparable." The polished shoemaker arrives.—"Madam!"—"Oh Sir, such an accident! it is distressing beyond endurance! my shoes torn to pieces, unfit for use!"—"Impossible—let me see—Ah, bless me! torn sure enough, and only to be replaced by a new pair! But how has it happened? 'Tis beyond my conception."—"Oh Sir," the lady replies, "consider my loss."—"Consider, consider, why, Madam, they surely have been ill used. How long did you wear them?"—I walked in them but two hours.—"*Walked* in them, Madam, *walked*. Oh then, it is not to be wondered at; why, Madam, those shoes were made only to *wear* and not to *walk* in.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Le Sage's novel of Gil Blas has, by the concurrent testimony of a century, been determined to be the best production of its kind; and yet we have never possessed any translation of it which has not created disgust by its obscenity and vulgarity. That which bears the name of Dr. Smollet is a libel on his literary fame, and it is more than probable that he merely lent his name to it. A new translation has just been finished by Mr. Smart, in which the numerous idioms of Le Sage have been carefully rendered, and in which the indelicacies of the original have been softened and adapted to the refined taste of the English public. This new translation will speedily appear, illustrated by *one hundred* exquisitely beautiful engravings; and will consequently be one of the most elegant books in our language.

Dr. Scott is preparing a new edition, revised, and translated from the Arabic MS. brought over by Mr. Montague, of the Arabian Night's Entertainments; with notes illustrative of the customs and manners of the country. The additional tales, which have never been translated, are said to be as interesting as those with which we are acquainted. The translations which have been published in this country, have been made from the French version of M. Gallard, who trusted to a verbal translator, being himself ignorant of the Arabic language.

The travels of Mr. Heriot through Upper and Lower Canada, containing particulars of the new colonization of the former of these important provinces, will appear in the last decade of March, and will challenge public curiosity, not less for the novelty of its information, than for the beauty and variety of its embellishments.

Dr. Percy, nephew of the bishop, is preparing a fourth volume of the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.

Mr. Wordsworth, author of Lyrical Ballards, has ready for publication the Orchard Pathway, a collection of poems.

The following subjects are proposed at Oxford for the Chancellor prizes for the year ensuing, viz. For Latin verses, *Plata Fluvius*; for an English essay, *On Duelling*.

Mr. Sotheby has finished a poem on the subject of Saul, in eight books, in blank verse.

Fresh lustre is added to the English character, by the institution in London, during the last month, of a society bearing the title of the *Friends of Foreigners in Distress*; the design of which is to administer relief, without distinction of profession, country, or religion, to indigent and distressed strangers, who are not entitled to parochial relief; or who, having obtained a settlement in this country, may have a legal claim only to a bare subsistance.

No less than 145,840 persons have been vaccinated in India, between September 1, 1802, and April 30, 1804.—The Rajah of Tanjore is a zealous supporter of it; and the Divan of Travancore has submitted to this process. Among those vaccinated were, Brahmins 4,141; Malabars, 41,306; Mahometans 10,926.

Much has been lately said and written in Germany concerning the art of memory, a study which also begins to be cultivated in France. On this subject the celebrated astronomer M. de Lalande bears testimony to the following facts: "I have witnessed," says he, "the extraordinary effects produced on the memory by the method of M. de Fenaigle; and as he took the pains to explain it to me, I was convinced that it could not fail to produce such effects. It is a fact equally important and extraordinary, that one of his pupils is able to repeat, in any order you please, and without the least mistake, a table of fifty cities in all parts of the world, with the degrees of longitude and latitude in which they are situated; whereas I, who have for sixty years devoted my attention to geography, cannot repeat four of them. The same is the case with chronology: in the *Annuaire* I have inserted 240 dates from ancient and modern history, and M. de Fenaigle's scholars repeat them all. I do not think that the ablest historiographer could tell ten of them. What an astonishing aid in the study of geography and history!

We have already stated, that the same power of artificial recollection has for many years been practised before miscellaneous companies by a gentleman in London, who has never made any secret of his discovery, and who has promised to communicate its principles to an early number of the Monthly Magazine.

POETRY.

TO MY ARM CHAIR.

Thou lov'd companion of my lonely hours,
When Fortune frown'd and friends were far away, [powers,
Oft have I blest thee for thy soothing
And fondly courted thy narcotic sway.

Lull'd in thine arms I taste a pleasing calm,
With eye lids clos'd, but thoughts that ever wake.
O'er my wrapt senses steels an opiate balm, [to ache.
And my rack'd head almost forgets

To brighter scenes excursive fancy flies,
The future smiles in gayer garb array'd.
Visions of sweet domestic joy arise,
As peeps the Parsonage from the sheltering shade.

The laugh, the jest, the fleeting hours beguile,
While heavenly Music's softening charms combine
With friends who bring good humour's ready smile,
And hearts which beat in unison with mine.

Yet with one wish imagination burns,
O'er proud ambition's slippery paths to roam,
True as the needle, to one point she turns—
The point comprising all I cherish—*Home.*

The drowsy dullness o'er the powers of mind
Thy soothing charms, my honour'd chair diffuse;
Still in thy bosom, by my fire, reclin'd,
I weave the verse, and woo the playful muse.

Come on her wing, 'mid fairy climes I go,
Tho' sad around me mourns the wint'ry gale,
Up Fancy's roses 'mid December's snow,
And balmy Spring's ambrosial breeze inhale.

Such the calm, when blest with thee,
I share—
If such the joys thy gentle influence showers—
Can the proud despot's tottering throne compare
With thee, companion of my lonely hours?

No; o'er his head tho' Parian columns rise,
And lends the cot its humble roof to me;
He, on his throne, 'mid torturing anguish sighs—
I smile serene, and dream of bliss in thee.

THE BIRCH.

Ye Worthies, in trust for the School and the Church,
Pray hear me descant on the Virtues of Birch.
Though the Oak be the prince and the pride of the grove,
An emblem of pow'r, and the favorite of Jove;
Though Phœbus with Laurel his temples have bound,
And with chaplets of Poplar Alcides be crown'd;
Though Pallas the Olive has graced with her choice, [joice;
And mother Cybele in Pines may re-
Though Bacchus delights in the Ivy and Vine, [entwine;
And Venus her garlands with Myrtle
Yet the Muses declare, after diligent search,
No tree can be found to compare with the Birch.
The Birch they aver, is the true tree of knowledge,
Revered by each School, and remembered at College.
Though Virgil's fam'd tree may produce, as its fruit,
A crop of vain dreams, and strange whims from each shoot;
Yet the Birch on each bough, on the top of each switch,
Bears the essence of Grammar, the eight parts of speech.
'Mongst the leaves is conceal'd more than memory can mention.
All cases, all genders, all forms of declension.

Nine branches were cropt by the hands of the Nine,
Each duly arranged in a parallel line,
Tied up in nine folds of a mystical string
And soak'd for nine hours in cold Helicon's spring,
Is a sceptre composed for a Pedagogue's hand,
Like the *Fasces* of Rome, a true badge of command.
The sceptre thus finished, like Moses's rod,
From flints can draw tears, and give life to a clod.
Should darkness Egyptian, or ignorance spread
Its clouds o'er the mind, or envelope the head,
This rod thrice apply'd puts the darkness to flight,
Disperses the clouds and restores us to light,
Like the *Virga divina*, 'twill find out the vein
Where lurks the rich metal—the gold of the brain.
Should genius a captive by Sloth be confined,
Or the witchcraft of pleasure prevail o'er the mind, [stroke
Apply but this magical wand—with a
The spell is dissolv'd, the enchantment is broke.
Like Hermes's rod, these few switches inspire
Rhetorical thunder and poetry's fire,
And if Morpheus our temples in Lethe should steep,
These switches untie all the fetters of sleep.
Here dwells strong conviction, of logic the glory, [ri ;
When 'tis used with precision *a posterio-*
It promotes circulation, and thrills through each vein,
The faculties quickens, and purges the brain.

Whatever disorders prevail in the blood,
The Birch can correct them like guiacum wood.
So luscious its juice is, so sweet are its twigs,
That at Le'ster we call them the Free-School-bank figs.
As the famed rod of Circe to brutes could change men,
So the twigs of the Birch can unbrute them again.
Like the rod of the Sybil, that branch of pure gold,
These twigs can the gates of Elysium unfold,
That Elysium of learning where pleasures abound,
Those fruits that still flourish in classical ground.
Then if such be its virtues, we'll bow to the tree,
And Birch, like the muses, immortal shall be.

CANZONET.

The sailor o'er ocean borne,
His reck'ning lost, his canvas torn,
While midnight shades involve the sky,
Awaits the morn with anxious eye ;
Yet, should the well known polar light,
Thro' breaking clouds, burst forth to sight,
His fears dispell'd, the joyful Tar
Transported, hails his guiding star.

Thus, tost on love's tempestuous sea
The darken'd prospect frowns on me;
Within my bosom, dubious care,
And woe-franght comfortless despair,
Spread o'er my mind a sombre gloom,
And seem to antedate my doom ;
But yet, appears (tho' distant far)
Amidst the gloom, a little star.

Hail cheering light! thy welcome ray
Can drive these terrors far away—
It points to happier scenes of Joy ;
No fears alarm, no cares annoy ;
Where tender hearts for ever prove,
The raptur'd bliss of mutual love—
To follow thee, I'll nobly dare,
And bless thy faithful guiding star.

The charms of mind, of form and face
Those beauteous charms that Celia grace,
Enkindle in my breast desire,
And tend'rest wishes all inspire !
But, while these prompt me to obtain
I tremble, lest I find them vain ;
Yet, modest hope, exulting spies
A friendly beam in Celia's eyes.

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